

# BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

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## "TOM AND JERRY."

A Washington, D. C., Mixture That is Deeply Interesting and Hard To Beat.



HIS is not a description of that favorite Kansas beverage which the law says we shall not partake of, but which all are acquainted with more or less—with the accent on the more—but a very readable description of the way our dauntless Jerry Simpson busted Tom Reed, the czar of the house, as told by A. H. Lewis a special correspondent for the New York Journal:

If I were a Macaulay I would sing the lay of Jerry of Medicine Lodge.

Simpson came to the House ringside at prompt noon, and shield his caster into the Democratic cloak room. Reed quickly followed the Populist champion and stowed his hat away in the Republican cloak room. Simpson was feather-edge as to fettle, and in condition to talk for his life. Reed, on the flabby other hand, was gross, overweight and plainly out of shape.

The spectators promptly picked Simpson as a winner. He was lighter, true, than his bulky adversary; but, then, you know the battle is not always to the swift, the race to the strong, nor riches to the man of understanding. And we preferred Jerry.

In the earliest phase of the combat Jerry led with his left. It was a "no quorum" swing, but Jerry failed to gauge his distance, and the Oak of Portland easily avoided the blow by counting 181 present. Both smiled confidently, and after fiddling a bit and reading the House journal, the Populist again cut out the pace as the aggressor. At this crisis Dingley, the Portland Oak's bottle holder, interfered, and those who stood nearest declare that he fouled the Kansas Sunflower by disconcerting him with a shout of "reg ular order."

While the Portland Oak had his seconds, Simpson, the Sunflower, was heeling and handling himself. At the dark interference, however, of Dingley, the ring-siders burst into threats, and some even attempted to go to Dingley, who at the sight of this retreated.

The battle staggered on. Possibly this great sporting event had proceeded about ten minutes, when the Portland Oak, who was suffering from a severe case of bellows-to-mend, clinched the Sunflower. But the Populist champion was all there. He was as strong as when the festivities began, while his ferocity had been much incited by the struggles. It was a horse to a hen now that the Sunflower would win.

The Oak clinched, it was a supreme moment. The two gladiators swayed back and forth, but at last the crafty Sunflower acquired the fatal grapevine lock. They tugged and toiled and strove, and then the Oak of Portland came crashing to the ground. It was as if a tower fell. Simpson, the Sunflower, had won; Reed, the mighty Oak of Casco Bay, was beaten. Of course, you understand the victory was a moral one. It was the triumph of mind over matter; brains over brute force.

There was a quorum in the House today. Manifestly it had come to witness the riot between Reed and his Populist assailant, Simpson. Reed had balked; would not obey the House law: refused to name the House committees, was playing the tyrant, and Simpson was after him. Therefore as the news went circling, it enlisted the interest of members, and of others as well, and as the upcome thereof, when at noon the House convened, the galleries and the floors were full. They had come to bear witness to the row.

Simpson's "No quorum" point didn't succeed. There was, when Reed counted, a rotund quorum. Then there came desultory, albeit it at times bitter debate, in which a score took part.

Reed did not enter into the spirit of the thing; he didn't like it; manifestly he was afraid of Simpson. The other day when Simpson assailed him, Reed talked back from "the chair." This time Reed was cautiously mum. Reed had appointed Dingley to this day bear the buckler before him and be his shield against assault. Reed, as it were, fed Dingley to Simpson, just as the Russian peasant, pursued by a wolf, throws the ravening creature a child and makes his escape while the wolf dines. Reed threw Dingley to Simpson; worse luck

for Dingley. The latter should have known too much to permit Reed to send him into a mess where he was sure to get the worst of it. I like Dingley; he is a good little man, and he don't drink rum. But Dingley has no more natural fitness for a fight than a cow has for the cavalry. He should have kept out of the row. As it was, he got battered severely.

Simpson began the discussion. He was primed for trouble, and his very spectacles shone and curved with the hot lust of war. He related again the despotism of Reed, again recounted his refusal to name committees and do his duty as speaker; read again rule 10 that drove home the nail of his contention and clinched it, and again called on the House to take measures toward its own re-enfranchisement.

"Last Wednesday," said Simpson, his voice high and fine as the cry of a whip-poor-will's, "last Wednesday the Speaker, explaining his wrong-doing from the chair, said he had not named the committees because he wanted more time to study the new members and determine their places. He said that ordinarily the Speaker had until the first Monday in December to inform himself as to new members. But with this, an extra session beginning March 15, the Speaker lost almost nine months of this time. He had had no chance to post himself touching the qualifications of the new men coming in."

"That was the Speaker's reason as he gave it," continued Simpson. "Why he is today failing in his plain duty under rule 10. He had not had the usual time to make up his mind. That was a splendid explanation." Here Simpson waxed facetiously scornful. "Don't he know that the Speaker is elected anew with each congress? Don't he know he wasn't Speaker until the House elected him last month, and wouldn't have been Speaker until the last Monday in December if no extra session had been called? How can the Speaker study the new members when there is no Speaker? Does the gentleman from Maine want us to understand that he was conceitedly sure in advance that the present House would call him to the chair, and that it was a case of must: that is bound to select him; that practically he is a continuous Speaker? That excuse was the greatest piece of egotism I ever saw," concluded Simpson, "the most tremendous case of political 'sooner-ism' which ever came under my eye."

Reed appeared vastly tired, not to say ennuied, by Simpson's remarks; the House, however, howled with glee.

Bailey took a dignified hand in the game. Bailey opposed Simpson. He didn't want any Republican legislation and, therefore, would not attempt to force Reed to ways of virtue and paths of House rectitude. Reed couldn't become too much of a despot for Bailey so long as the country escaped the bale and woe of Republican law tinkering. Bailey made a strong speech; but Bailey should look out. Not ten Democrats agreed or sympathized with his views. DeArmond, McRae and others who were voluble afterward, were as rocks against him for Simpson contention. Bailey must be wary. He is leader, but how long will he lead if none go his way? The first requisite of leadership is to be sure you are followed. And today Bailey wasn't followed.

Debate went backward and forward, first among Republicans and then among the Democrats. At the close nothing was decided beyond the fact that Simpson will hereafter prevent all legislative action until Reed yields to law and right and frames the House committees.

### Deal With Home Men.

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C. Q. NEWCOMB, Prop.

For that "airship feeling," take less hop tea.

A prospecting party for the CANADIAN NORTHWEST passing through MINNESOTA and DAKOTA will leave Great Bend the first week in May. Anyone wanting a pleasant trip and free land should join the party. For information, apply to M. Gillmore.

## COMMANDER W. P. FEDER.

A Great Bend Boy Selected as Head of the Sons of Veterans of Kansas.



ORTH and merit will push any young man to the front. At the meeting of the Sons of Veterans, Division of Kansas, at Chanute last week the delegates selected as the head of the organization in the state our townsman W. P. Feder, cashier at the Santa Fe depot in this city. A large number of friends will rejoice with the DEMOCRAT that "Billy" secured this high honor. He is a young man of sterling worth and integrity, and one who will not be spoiled by being thus selected to the highest position in the gift of his fellow Sons of Veterans.

He has always been a diligent worker for the upbuilding of the order, having entered the work in November, 1889, when through his efforts principally the camp at Ellinwood was mustered in with twenty-five charter members, and Mr. Feder selected as their captain. He removed to Great Bend from Ellinwood in 1892, taking a position with the Santa Fe. He represented Fort Zarah Camp of this city in the Division Encampments at Salina, Hutchinson, Atchison, Pittsburg, Newton, Lawrence and Beloit, and has attended several



W. P. FEDER.

National Encampments. We believe that the Sons of Veterans of Kansas will have just cause to congratulate themselves that they have made this selection, as he is a young man who, when he does anything does it to perfection.

Upon Mr. Feder's return home last Friday evening he was met at the depot by the members of Fort Zarah Camp in a body, and, accompanied by many members of the G. A. R. and citizens of the city, was escorted to the Grand Army hall where others of his friends were waiting to congratulate him. Prof. E. T. Barber of the city schools delivered an address of welcome to the New Commander which was modestly but fittingly responded to by Mr. Feder. Rev. Bixler made a few appropriate remarks upon the objects and possibilities of the order of Sons of Veterans, and the delegates to Chanute gave reports of incidents of the meeting, after which general congratulations and a social good time was enjoyed.

### A Visit to the Ditch.

In company with W. P. Cone, C. A. Swartz and Leo Chapman the DEMOCRAT man drove out to the headwaters of the ditch last Friday afternoon. We found a whole lot of men with teams and scrapers at work making a trench about twenty-five feet wide and throwing up embankments on each side about 200 feet apart. We didn't see the big ditching machines at work, because of their being laid off for repairs after the wreck during the hail storm of Thursday.

There was a large number of men at work, and they seemed to be taking their "six months sentence" philosophically. Some were working the scrapers; others building corrals and caring for the stock; there were cooks, blacksmiths, carpenters, machinists, etc., each man seeming to be an adept at his part of the business. Supper was in course of construction in the cook house and we had to take a big log chain to drag Leo Chapman away before supper was called. He had been watching the head cook make biscuit and had a hanker for a taste of the output.

The men sleep in tents and eat in a

long, roughly built structure called the cook house and dining hall.

This week the force at work will be increased, and the large ditching machines, of which there are three will be at work west and south-west of Henry Fruit's place. If any of our readers has any lingering doubt about the ditch being a big enterprise that is pushing right along, such persons should drive out and see the work.

Thursday evening, when the hail storm struck the ditching camp there was "trouble in de camp, sure." Two large ditchers, with 12 horses hauling each, were working close together when the horses became frantic from the pelting of the hail and began to "mill," that is turn about in a circle—getting clear beyond control of the drivers. For a few minutes there was a general mixup of horses, mules, men and machinery, with the result that both machines were laid up for repairs all day Friday. None of the men were injured, and the teams came out of the muss without any serious damage.

A mock trial was conducted in the city high school last Friday afternoon. Bert Winterburg was attorney for defence and Paul Lewis attorney for prosecution. The complaining witness did not appear, and the case was continued to the 30th. A little girl who visited the schools that afternoon reported at home that "they played cross questions and silly answers, all afternoon; and the professor played with the rest of them."

Eyer, the statuesque ball pitcher with a merry go-round movement on the side, who came up from Harvey county a few years ago to get knocked out of the box by the Great Bend Shamrocks, is now the main stand-by of the Kansas City league club, and is doing some good work, too. Eyer got a whole lot of joshing while here, but he is a gentleman and a good ball pitcher just the same.

Last Thursday afternoon between 4:30 and 5 o'clock, a hail storm swept across the county from south to north in a strip a couple of miles wide. The heaviest hail seemed to pass west of Great Bend. Many windows were broken on the south side of the houses, young garden truck was wiped out, and leaves and blossoms knocked off of fruit trees. In town a number of windows were broken.

Foster Jordon got word Friday that his son, Jesse, met with an accident in Colorado one day last week by which he had a leg broken. Jesse and another man were hauling wood down a mountain side, when their wagon tipped over, falling on Jesse and breaking one of his legs below the knee.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land "Ringling Day" is now recognized as the grandest gala event of the season. In many of the cities where Ringling Bros. exhibit the schools are dismissed and the employees of the big manufacturing concerns are given a holiday in order to see the big show.

Capt. W. B. Pearson was over from north of Herington, last Thursday. He says he guesses our wheat crop in Barton county this year at half a full crop. In his neighborhood the middle sowing of wheat was hurt last fall worse than the early or late sowing, by the frosts.

Last Wednesday morning Leonard Krause accidentally cut his foot badly with an ax. Misfortune has been rather overdoing it with Leonard lately. One day last week a son of his was run over by a wagon and header barge and had a leg badly bruised up.

The illiterate toughs about Ellinwood are evidently trying to improve their education. Both the Advocate and Leader tell about different school houses being broken into and Webster's dictionaries and other books being stolen.

The old croaker who used to sit around on dry goods boxes and complain that not enough rain fell in Kansas in a year to wet a goat's shirt, was drowned while attempting to cross Main street in Gladlin the other day.

W. B. Grimes made a business trip to Dodge City and other western points last week, on stock business. His son, W. B. Grimes jr., has a stock ranch in the eastern part of the state and raises graded cattle.

The amount of money expended on any one of the more than one hundred dens, cages and tableaux exhibited by the Ringling Bros. would pay for the construction of a handsome residence.

It is fortunate for Mack that he was a candidate for president and not for mayor of his town of Canton.

## COMEDY ELEPHANTS.

A Marvellous Feature with Ringling Bros. Famous Big Show.



MARVELOUS is indeed the proper way to name the Lockart comedy elephants which in addition to their already stupendous enterprise, Ringling Bros. have not only dumfounded their would-be competitors, but they have offered to the American public a novelty that has created more genuine interests than any event in the amusement world during the past half century. None of the familiar tricks and lumbering, ungainly acts performed by other elephants are included in their repertoire. They are literally animal actors. They present complete comedies properly costumed and with appropriate scenic effects, and they perform their artistic work with a sense of its value and an appreciation of its humor such as no human comedian could surpass. In one of their ludicrously funny comedies, the clown elephant becomes intoxicated, and reeling about apparently in the last stages of inebriation, is apprehended by an elephant policeman, armed with a great club, and marched away to the office of the nearest magistrate. This legal dignity ensconced in his high judicial chair, gowned and bewigged as befits his high office sits in judgment upon the offender, and having heard the evidence and wisely pondered upon the enormity of the offence declares in unmistakable pantomime that the culprit is guilty and is committed to jail. The policeman elephant immediately acts upon the orders of the court seizes the commitment papers, catches the offender, now fully sobered, by the ear, and hustles him off to jail. In his place of durance the unhappy culprit is visited by his bewailing and greatly scandalized family, who finally accomplish his rescue by overturning the jail and forcibly setting the culprit at liberty. All the actors in this laughable comedy are elephants. Not a word of command is spoken; and so well have the elephant comedians learned their difficult lesson that they never falter for a moment in their unspoken lines. The police court scene is however, only one of several intensely amusing comedies performed by these elephant actors, and, in addition, they present a complete vaudeville programme, embracing jig dancing, waltzing, playing on musical instruments, intricate military evolutions and other feats that are credible only to those who have actually seen these marvelous elephant comedians. Ringling Bros. stupendous institution will exhibit in Great Bend, Saturday, May 15th, when Lockhart's famous comedy elephants and hundreds of other wonderful arenic, zoologic and hippodromic features will be presented here for the first time.

We have been waiting for some time for Allen to get through tugging up the drug store; but it seems that he finds something new to fix up every day, so we will mention the improvement now, and continue comments in proportion to improvements.

The Tribune man intimates the G. A. R. men are all lazy—says he tried to hire seven of them last week to do some digging, but not one of them would work. If this be treason—stock him on der koop.

The U. S. Weather Bureau is making thorough inquiries concerning the flood waters of northern and western tributaries of the Mississippi river, with a view to devising some plan of diverting the flood waters.

Ringling Bros. present a genuine zoological novelty this season in a pair of pure white polar bears, which attract unlimited attention from all who visit this biggest of all big shows.

C. A. Lincoln, an own cousin to Father Abraham, who is traveling over the country in the interest of the peoples cause, made a short stop at Great Bend last Thursday.

Charlie Morrison says a hobo workman on the ditch was cursing Jerry Simpson the other day because, as he said, "Jerry wanted to make ground-hog day a legal holiday."

"This is passing strange," remarked a man at the post office the other day when Zute handed him back a bad nickel. "Not so much as it is passing queer," replied Zute.

Since last season Ringling Brothers have added an entire zoological garden to their collection of rare wild beasts.

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